WILLIE GRAY.

OR ANSWER TO KITTY CLYDE.

The Music of this song can be obtained at the Music Establishment of Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, New York

Oh! who has not seen Willie Gray,
The lad with the curling brown hair,
Who, with all his pride,
Loves me, Kitty Clyde?
It seems very strange he should dare;
But then he's so handsome and brave,
And has such a frol'csome way
That I love the sly elf,
In spite of myself:
The lad I mean sweet Willie Gray.

CHORUS.

Dear Willie, Brave Willie,
My own sweet Willie Gray,
That I love the sly elf,
In spite of myself,
My own dear sweet Willie Gray.

He wishes that he were a fish:
Oh! a terrible thing that would be,
A lover like mine
On the end of a line,
For a poor little maiden to see!
It surely would break my poor heart,
So tender it is, and so true
If he were a fish,
Stewed up in a dish,
To be cut up and eaten by you!
Dear Willie. &c.

He wishes that he were a bird,
On a gay little bee on the wing;
But the birds fly away,
On the first autumn day;
And the bee has a venomous sting.
And if my dear Willie should go
To live in the depths of the tide,
Or roam with the bee,
Other beauties to see:
Oh! who would then love Kitty Clyde?

Dear Willie, &c.

If I had a wish, it would be
That some blessed angel of love,
Would brighten the way
Of my dear Willie Gray,
And watch him each hour from above.
Oh! who does not know Willie Gray,
The lad with the curling brown hair,
With the merry blue eye,
Like the clear Sunny Sky,
And a face like the lily so fair?

Dear Willie, &c.

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